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THE LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE INQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND
SYMPATHISE WITH ALL.

CONVERSATION OF POPE.

DINNER OF APSLEY HOUSE WITH HIM.

July 4, 1835.

YESTERDAY was a day of delight. I dined with Mr Pope. The only persons present were the venerable lady his mother, Mrs Martha Blount, and Mr Walscott, a great Tory, but as great a lover of Dryden; which, Mr Pope was pleased to inform me, was the reason he had invited me to meet him. Mr Pope was in black, with a tie-wig. I could not help regarding him, as he sat leaning in his arm-chair before dinner, in the light of a portrait for posterity. When he came into the room, after kindly making me welcome, he took some flowers out of a little basket that he had brought with him, and presented them, not to Mrs Martha, who I thought looked as if she expected it, but to Mrs Pope; which I thought very pretty and like a gentleman, not in the ordinary way. But the other had no reason to be displeased; for turning to her with the remainder, he said, "I was thinking of a compliment to pay you; so I have done it." He flatters with as much delicacy as Sir Richard Steele; and the ladies like it as much from him. What fine-shaped fellows have I seen who could not call up half such looks into their eyes!

I was in a flutter of spirits, which took away my appetite. Mr Pope recommended his fish and his Banstead mutton to no purpose. I was too well fed with hearing him talk. However, I mechanically drank his wine; which emboldened me to say something. What I said, I do not very well remember, and it is no matter. I have even forgotten some agreeable stories related by Mr Walscott, about the civil wars; but every word that passed the lips of Mr Pope seems engraven on my brain. From the subject of killing mutton, the talk fell upon cruelty to animals; upon which Mr Pope made some excellent observations. He began by remarking how strange it was, that little or nothing had been said of it in books.

MR WALSCOTT. I suppose authors have been too much in the habit of attending to the operation of their own minds.

MR POPE. But they have been anglers. I have a curious book in my library, written by one Isaac Walton, an old linen-draper in the time of Charles the Second, who was fond of meadows and village ale-houses, and has really a pretty pastoral taste. This man piques himself on his humanity; and yet the directions he gives on the subject of angling (for the book is written on that art) are full of such shocking cruelty, that I do not care to repeat them before ladies. He wrote the lives of Donne, Hooker, and others, all anglers, and good religious men. Yet I suppose they were all as cruel. It is wonderful how the old man passes from pious reflections to the tortures of fish and worms, just as if pain were nothing. Yet what else are the devil and his doings made of?

MR WALSCOTT. Dryden was an angler.

MR POPE. Yes; he once exclaimed of D—y,

* Who this was, I do not know. H. H.

"He fish!" because the man attempted to write. There is a passage in his *Astræa Redux*, written in the proper fishing spirit; that is to say, in which all the consideration is for the fisher, and none for the fish.

MR WALSCOTT. I remember it. He is speaking of General Monk, and the way in which he brought about the grand stroke for the Restoration.

'Twas not the hasty product of a day,
But the well-ripen'd fruit of wise delay.
He, like a patient angler, ere he strook,
Would let him play awhile upon the hook.

MR POPE. The "patient angler!" Mighty patient truly, to sit at a man's ease and amuse himself! The question is, what the fish think of it.

MRS MARTHA BLOUNT. Sure it must be so; and yet I never once thought of that before. God forgive me for the murders I committed last year in Oxfordshire, at the instigation of my brother.

MR POPE looked at her with benevolence as she said this; but he was too much in earnest to pay her the compliments which ordinary gallantry would have struck out of the confession. I really believe he feels as much for carp and trout, as most men do for each other.

MR WALSCOTT. But would it not be exchanging one pain for another, to make people think too much of these things?

MR POPE. That is well said. But I know not what right we have to continue putting our fellow-creatures to pain, for the sake of avoiding it ourselves. Besides, there is a pain that exalts the understanding and morals, and is not unallied with pleasure: which cannot be said of putting hooks into poor creatures' jaws and bowels.

MR WALSCOTT. There is a good deal in that. Yet all animals prey upon one another. We prey upon them ourselves. We are at this minute availing ourselves of the cruelties of butchers and fishermen.

MR POPE. Not the cruelties. Killing and torturing are different. Death is inevitable to all; and a sheep who has passed his days in the meadows, and undergone a short death from a knife, has had as good a bargain as most of us. Animals kill, but they do not torture one another.

MR WALSCOTT. I think I have read of instances. Yes, I am sure of it; and what think you of the cat with a mouse?

MR POPE. Why I think she is very like an angler. I should wish to see a treatise on the subject by a cat. It is a meditative creature, like old Isaac, and as fond of fish. I am glad to see how much the *fera natura* excuses them both; but to us, who can push our meditations farther, the excuse is not the same.

MR WALSCOTT. Yet this appears to be instinct. What say you to Nature? It is her own doing.

MR POPE. Nature is a very wide term. We make use of it rather to get rid of arguments, than to enforce them. If it is the cat's nature to torment, it is man's nature to know better. Improvement is nature. The reflections we are now making, are nature. I was wrong in saying that no animal tortures another; but pray observe,—we abuse animals when it suits us, as the brute creation; and call upon them to bear testimony to our natural conduct, when we are pleased to resemble them. Now the matter is, that we ought to imitate them solely in what is

good and beneficial; and in all other cases give both them and ourselves the benefit of our better knowledge.

MR WALSCOTT. Evil will exist in spite of us.

MR POPE. I do not know that. It is impossible for us, who only see to the length of a little miserable space in the midst of eternity, to say what will or will not exist. But we must give our fellow-creatures the benefit of our knowledge, and our ignorance too. If we cannot abolish evil, we may diminish it, or divide it better; and Nature incites us to do so by putting the thought in our heads. It is fancied by some, and I dare say anglers fancy it, that animals, different from us in their organization, do not feel as we do. I hope not. It is at least a good argument for consolation, when we can do nothing to help them; but as we are not sure of it, it is an argument not to be acted upon, when we can. They must have the benefit of our want of certainty. Come, anglers shall have the benefit of it too. Old Walton was as good a man as you could make out of an otter: and I like the otter the better for him. Dryden, I am sure, was humane: he was too great a man to be otherwise. But he had all his bodily faculties in perfection; and I sometimes think that animal spirits take the place of reflection, on certain animal occasions, and fairly occupy the whole man instead of it, even while he thinks he's thinking. Yet I am afraid Donne and the others sophisticated; for subtlety was their business. There are certain doctrines that do men no good, when the importance of a greater or less degree of pain in this world comes to be made a question of; and so they get their excuse that way. Any thing rather than malignity and the determination to give pain; and yet I know not how the angler is to be found guiltless on that score, if he reflects on what he is going about. I am sure he must hurt his own mind, and perplex his ideas of right and wrong.

MR WALSCOTT concluded the argument by owning himself much struck with the variety of reflections which Mr Pope had brought forward or suggested. He said he thought they would make a good poem. Mr Pope thought so too, if enlivened with wit and description; and said he should perhaps turn it in his mind. He remarked, that till the mention of it by Sir Richard Steele, in the 'Tatler,' he really was not aware that any thing had been said against cruelty to animals by an English writer, with the exception of the fine hint in Shakespeare about the beetle. "Steele," said he, "was then a gay fellow about town, and a soldier, yet he did not think it an imputation on his manhood to say a good word for tom-tits and robins. Shakespeare, they tell us, had been a rural sportsman; and yet he grew to sympathize with an insect." I mentioned the 'Rural Sports' of Mr Gay, as enlisting that poet among the anglers that rejected worms. "Yes," said he, "Gay is the prettiest *fera natura* that ever was, and catches his trout handsomely to dine upon. But you see the effect of habit even upon him. He must lacerate fish, and yet would not hurt a fly. Dr Swift, who loves him as much as he hates angling, said to him one day at my Lord Bolingbroke's, 'Mr Gay, you are the only angler I ever heard of with an idea in his head; and it is the only idea you have, not worth having.' Angling makes the Dean melancholy, and sets him upon his yahoos."

This authority seemed to make a greater impression upon Mr Walscott than all the reasoning. He is a very great Tory, and prodigiously admires the Dean. Mr Pope delighted him by asking him to come and dine with them both next week; for the Dean is in England, and Mr Pope's visitor. I am to be there too. "But," says he, "you must not talk too much about Dryden; for the Doctor does not love him." Mr Walscott said, he was aware of that circumstance from the Dean's works, and thought it the only blemish in his character. For my part, I had heard a story of Dryden's telling him he would never be a poet; but I said nothing. Mr Pope attributed his dislike to a general indignation he felt against his relations, for their neglect of him, when young. For Dryden was his kinsman. The Davenants are his relations, and he does not like them. Mr Walscott asked if he was an Englishman or an Irishman; for he never could find out. "You would find out," answered Mr Pope, "if you heard him talk; for he cannot get rid of the habit of saying *a for e*. He would be an Englishman with all his heart, if he could; but he is an Irishman, that is certain, and with all his heart, too, in one sense; for he is the truest patriot that country ever saw. He has the merit of doing Ireland the most wonderful services, without loving her; and so he does to human nature, which he loves as little, or at least thinks so. This, and his wit, is the reason why his friends are so fond of him. You must not talk to him about Irish rhymes," added Mr Pope, "any more than you must talk to me about the gods and *abodes* in my Homer, which he quarrels with me for. The truth is, we all write Irish rhymes; and the Dean contrives to be more exact that way than most of us." "What?" said Mr Walscott, "does he carry his Irish accent into his writings, and yet think to conceal himself?" Mr Pope read to us an odd kind of Latin-English effusion of the Dean's, which made us shake with laughter. It was about a consultation of physicians. The words, though Latin themselves, make English when put together; and the Hibernianism of the spelling is very plain. I remember a taste of it. A doctor begins by enquiring,

"Is his Honor sic? *Præ lætus felis pulse. It do es beat veris loto de.*"

Here *de* spells *day*. An Englishman would have used the word *die*.

"No," says the second doctor, "No *notis* as qui *cassi e ver fel tu metri it,*" &c. &c.

Metri for may try.

Mr Pope told us, that there were two bad rhymes in the 'Rape of the Lock,' and in the space of eight lines:—

The doubtful beam long nods from side to side,
At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside,

But this bold lord, with manly strength endued,
She with one finger and a thumb subdued.

MR WALSCOTT. Those would be very good French rhymes.

MR PORR. Yes, the French make a merit of necessity, and force their poverty upon us for riches. But it is bad in English. However, it is too late to alter what I wrote. I now care less about them, notwithstanding the Doctor. When I was a young man, I was for the free *disincolte* way of Dryden, as in the 'Essay on Criticism'; but the town preferred the style of my pastorals, and somehow or other I agreed with them. I then became very cautious, and wondered how those rhymes in the Lock escaped me. But I have now come to this conclusion, that when a man has established his reputation for being able to do a thing, he may take liberties. Weakness is one thing, and the carelessness of power another. This makes all the difference between those shambling ballads that are sold among the common people, and the imitations of them by the wits to serve a purpose; between Sternhold and Hopkins, and the ballads on the Mohawks and great men. Mr Pope then repeated, with great pleasantry, Mr Gay's verses in the 'Wonderful Prophecy':—

From Mohock and from Hawkubite,
Good Lord deliver me!
Who wander through the streets by night
Committing cruelty.*

MR WALSCOTT, with all his admiration of Dryden, is, I can see, a still greater admirer of the style of Mr Pope. But his politics hardly make him know which to prefer. I ventured to say, that the "Rape of the Lock" appeared to me perfection; but that still, in some kinds of poetry, I thought the licences taken by the "Essay on Criticism" very happy in their effect, as for instance, said I, those long words at the end of couplets.

Thus when we view some well-proportioned dome
(The world's just wonder, and e'en thine, O Rome!)

No single parts unequally surprise,
All comes united to the admiring eyes;
No monstrous height, or breadth, or length appear;
The whole at once is bold and regular.

Now here, I said, is the regularity and the boldness too. And again:—

'Twere well might critics still this freedom take;
But Appius reddens at each word you speak,
And stares tremendous with a threatening eye,
Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry.

And that other couplet:—

With him most authors steal their works, or buy;
Garth did not write his own 'Dispensary.'

I said, this last line, beginning with that strong monosyllable, and throwing off in a sprightly manner the long word at the end, was like a fine bar of music, played by some master of the violin. Mr Pope smiled, and complimented me on the delicacy of my ear, asking me if I understood music. I said no, but was very fond of it. He fell into a little musing, and then observed, that he did not know how it was, but writers fond of music appeared to have a greater indulgence for the licences of versification than any others. The two smoothest living poets were 'not much attached to that art. (I guess he meant himself and Dr Swift.) He inquired if I loved painting. I told him so much so, that I dabbled in it a little myself, and liked nothing so much in the world, after poetry. "Why then," said he, "you and I, some fine morning, will dabble in it like ducks." I was delighted at the prospect of this honour, but said I hoped his painting was nothing nigh equal to his poetry, or I would not venture to touch his palette. "Oh," cried he, "I will give you confidence." He rose with the greatest good nature, and brought us a sketch of a head after Jervis, and another of Mrs Martha. I had begun to fear that they might be unworthy of so great a man, even as amusements; but they were really wonderfully well done. I do think he would have made a fine artist, had he not been a poet. † He observed that we wanted good criticism on pictures; and that the best we had yet were some remarks of Steele's in the 'Spectator' on the Cartoons of Raphael. He added a curious observation on Milton,—that with all his regard for the poets of Italy, and his travels in that country, he has said not a word of their painters, nor scarcely alluded to painting throughout his works.

MR WALSCOTT. Perhaps there was something of the Puritan in that. Courts, in Milton's time, had a taste for pictures: King Charles had a fine taste.

* The other verses, which my kinsman has not set down, are as follows:—

They slash our sons with bloody knives,
And on our daughters fall;
And if they ravish not our wives,
We have good luck withal.

Coaches and chairs they overturn,
Nay, carts most easily;
Therefore from Gog and eke Magog,
Good Lord deliver me!

The Mohocks were young rakes, of whom terrible stories are told. They were said to be all of the Whig party.

H. H.

† This has been doubted by others, who have seen his performances. Some of them remain, and are not esteemed. My cousin's attempts, perhaps, were much on a par. H. H.

MR PORR. True; but Milton never gave up his love of music,—his playing on the organ. If he had loved painting, he would not have held his tongue about it. I have heard somebody remark, that the names of his two great archangels are those of the two great Italian painters, and that their characters correspond; which is true and odd enough. But he had no design in it. He would not have confined his praises of Raphael and Michael Angelo to that obscure intimation. I believe he had no eyes for pictures.

MR WALSCOTT. Dryden has said fine things about pictures. Here is the epistle to your friend Sir Godfrey, and the ode on young Mrs Killigrew. Did he know anything of the art?

MR PORR. Why, I believe not; but he dashed at it in his high way, as he did at politics and dissipation, and came off with flying colours. Dryden's poetic faith was a good deal like his religious. He could turn it to one point after another, and be just enough in earnest to make his belief be taken for knowledge.

Mr Pope told us, that he had been taken, when a boy, to see Dryden at a coffee-house. I felt my colour change at this anecdote; so vain do I find myself. I took the liberty of asking him how he felt at the sight; for it seems he only saw Dryden; he did not speak to him, which is a pity.

MR PORR. Why, I said to myself, "That is the great Mr Dryden: there he is: he must be a happy man." This notion of his happiness was the uppermost thing in my mind, beyond even his fame. I thought a good deal of that; but I knew no pleasure, even at that early age, like writing verses; and there, said I, is the man who can write verses from morning till night, and the finest verses in the world. I am pretty much of the same way of thinking now. Yes; I really do think that I could do nothing but write verses all day long, just taking my dinner, and a walk or so,—if I had health. And I suspect it is the same with all poets; I mean with all who have a real passion for their art. Mr Honeycomb, I know, agrees with me, from his own experience.

The gratitude I felt for this allusion to what I said to him one day at Button's, was more than I can express. I could have kissed his hand out of love and reverence. "Sir," said I, "you may guess what I think of the happiness of poets, when it puts me in a state of delight inconceivable to be supposed worthy of such a reference to my opinion." I was indeed in a confusion of pleasure. Mr Walscott said, it was fortunate the ladies had left us, or they might not have approved of such a total absorption in poetry. "Oh!" cried Mr Pope, "there we have you; for the ladies are a part of poetry. We do not leave them out in our studies, depend upon it."

I asked him whom he looked upon as the best love-poet among our former writers. I added "former," because the Epistle of Eloisa to Abelard appears to me to surpass any express poem on that subject in the language. He said, Waller; but added, it was after a mode. "Everything," said Mr Pope, "was after a mode then. The best love-making is in Shakspeare. Love is a business by itself, in Shakspeare; just as it is in Nature."

MR WALSCOTT. Do you think Juliet is natural, when she talks of cutting Romeo into "little tidy stars," and making the heavens fine?

MR PORR. Yes; I could have thought that, or anything else, of my mistress, when I was as young as Romeo and Juliet. Petrarch, as somebody was observing the other day, is natural for the same reason, in spite of the conceits which he mingles with his passion; nay, he is the more natural, supposing his passion to have been what I take it; that is to say, as deep and as wonder-working as a boy's. The best of us have been spoiled in these matters by the last age. Even Mr Walsh, for all his good sense, was out in that affair, in his preface. He saw very well, that a man, to speak like a lover, should speak as he felt; but he did not know that there were lovers who felt like Petrarch.

MR WALSCOTT. You would admire the writings of

one Drummond, a Scotch gentleman, who was a great loyalist.

MR. PORZ. I know him well, and thank you for reminding me of him. If he had written a little later here in England, and been published under more favourable circumstances, he might have left Waller in a second rank. He was more in earnest, and knew all points of the passion. There is great tenderness in Drummond. He could look at the moon, and think of his mistress, without thinking how genteelly he should express it; which is what the other could not do. No: we have really no love-poets, except the old dramatic writers; nor the French either, since the time of Marot. We have plenty of gallantry and all that.

MR. WALSCOTT. And very pretty writing it is, if managed as Mr. Pope manages it.

MR. PORZ. I do not undervalue it, I assure you. After Shakspeare, I can still read Voiture, and like him very much: only it is like coming from country to town, from tragedy to the *ridotto*. To tell you the truth, I am as fond of the better sort of those polite writers as any man can be, and feel my own strength to lie that way; but I pique myself on having something in me besides, which they have not. I am sure I should not have been able to write the *Epistle of Eloisa*, if I hadn't. There is a force and sincerity in the graver love-poets; even on the least spiritual parts of the passion, which writers the most ostentatious on that score might envy.

MR. WALSCOTT. The tragedy of love includes the comedy, eh?

MR. PORZ. Why, that is just about the truth of it, and is very well said.

Mr. Pope's table is served with neatness and elegance. He drinks but sparingly. His eating is more with an appetite, but all nicely. After dinner he set upon table some wine given him by my Lord Peterborow, which was excellent. He then showed us his grotto, till the ladies sent to say tea was ready. I never see a tea-table, but I think of the Rape of the Lock. Judge what I felt, when I saw a Miss Fernor, kinswoman of Belinda, seated next Mrs. Martha Blount, who was making tea and coffee. There was an old lady with her, and several neighbours came in from the village. This multitude disappointed me, for the talk became too general; and my lord's wine, mixed with the other wine and the wit, having got a little in my head, and Mr. Pope's attention being repeatedly called to other persons, I cannot venture to put down any more of his conversation. But I shall hear him again; and I hope, again, again, and again. So patience till next week.

FRANCONIAN TALES.

No. III.

THE BLACK BIRD.

THE small and cheerful village of Grententhal lies in a quiet, and secluded situation at the foot of the Hochwald, surrounded by fruitful orchards, meadows, and vineyards. Here there lived two hundred years ago, a countryman in very comfortable circumstances, whose name was Ulric Wulfig. He possessed ninety acres of land, of which thirty always lay fallow, three vineyards, a well-filled barn, and more pigs, cattle, and poultry, than any of his neighbours. He also kept in his strong box many an old hard dollar, and a heap of bonds from people of all sorts in the village and the country around. On account of his wealth, he was much looked up to in the village society; and for the same reason he was soon chosen a *Seener*, or member of the *Swaïnmote*.

If reserve and taciturnity are among the first duties of a *Seener*, no man could be better adapted for it than Wulfig; for gloomy seriousness and closeness distinguished him from every one in the community. It was seldom that a cheerful smile lighted up his pale, yellow, wrinkled face—it was seldom that he bore his part in a free and lively conversation at the inn, and still seldomer would he talk with any one

about the affairs of his household. Merry little children used to run away from him, when he passed through the village, and never called him anything but black Ulric. His feelings and sentiments were concealed from every one. He kept house with his daughter Maria, an old maid-servant, and two men.

Maria, the very image of her honest, gentle mother, who had long since been at rest, often tried by cheerful tales and conversation, to lessen her father's melancholy, and even change it to serenity; but she seldom succeeded. Moreover, he was very cross, because she liked to see young Jörg Braun, liked to dance with him best and longest, on the anniversary of the church's consecration, and it was rumoured that they had agreed to marry one another.

Now Jörg Braun was a handsome, industrious farmer's son, that everybody was fond of seeing; but old Wulfig was displeased at his daughter's having this sweetheart, for Jörg's father was not rich, and could not give his son more than one vineyard, and a few acres of ground, on his marriage. Hence Maria could get nothing but a gloomy look, and short, unfriendly answers, from her father, when she mentioned Jörg Braun. She accustomed herself, therefore, by degrees to be silent on this topic, and with the humility of a child and a Christian, left the wish of her heart to the will of heaven. Very early one morning, when the stars were beginning to grow pale, and the first faint light of the dawning day just illumined the summits of the oaks in the Hochwald, while fog and twilight still floated in the valley, Wulfig hastily left his bed, dressed, and went into his grounds; he told his daughter that he was going to look after his vineyards, and would come back to breakfast in an hour's time. But he intended to do something bad, that was revealed only to after generations.

Meanwhile Maria prepared for her father the breakfast that he had long been accustomed to, a glass of cider, and some bread and butter. It had been ready for an hour, but he who was to partake of it had not yet arrived. Three hours had now elapsed, and the neighbours had long ago gone to field with their ploughs and seed-corn,—the lowing herd had followed the horn of the herdsman into the stubble, and the gagging flock of geese had been driven out of the village by the long birch rod of the poor old woman that tended them: yet Wulfig did not return.

Maria now began to be anxious about her father. She sent out Kilian, the servant, to see if he was still in the vineyards; but he came back, and could give no news of him. She now sent both him, and Michael, the other servant, to search the fields, to go as far as the skirts of the wood, and look about all the roads and foot-bridges. In the anxiety of her heart, she also ran to Jörg Braun, and begged him to assist in searching for her father. He took some other young fellows with him, and the whole village was in a stir when it was known that old Wulfig had disappeared. They sought him in field and wood, but nowhere was he to be found. Towards the close of the day, the herdsman appeared, and brought a hoe that he had found in Wulfig's field on Lerchenbühl hill; but he himself had not been seen. Maria, in inconsolable despair, sent messengers into the neighbouring places, but all returned without any intelligence of him. As to what had become of him, there were all sorts of suppositions. Some thought that a roving party of the enemy, such as often passed through the country in the war of that time, had carried him off, in order to squeeze money out of him, and that news would certainly come of him; others imagined that he might have gone into the wood, and have fallen into a wolf-trap; others again suggested, that in one of his brown studies, he might have ended his gloomy life in a well; while those who had never thought anything good of him, did not hesitate to express their suspicion that Wulfig, who had amassed great riches, no one knew how, and was the friend of no human being, had made himself over in writing to the evil fiend, and, as his time was up, had been fetched away.

Maria, however, who was deeply grieved at the loss of her father, put on mourning, and had the

following notice placed on the church doors of the three principal towns in the district:—"Ulric Wulfig, farmer at Grententhal, cannot be found. Whoever has seen him, or heard of him, or can give any information of his life or death, will receive a handsome reward, on transmitting the same to his daughter."

But, after three moons had passed away, and no intelligence had arrived from any place, Maria wept for her father as for one dead, requested the vicar to preach a funeral sermon over him, distributed buns among the children of the school, as if there had been a solemn burial, paid the school-master and the bell-ringers their dues, and wore mourning for twelve weeks. When this time had elapsed, Jörg Braun came and courted her, and having obtained her guardian's consent, shortly afterwards led her as his bride to the altar. The whole village heartily wished them all manner of good fortune and blessings. Honoured and valued by every one, they enjoyed the inestimable happiness of a contented and long-enduring union, disturbed by no mischance, and had the joy of seeing their children's children. All recollection of the misfortune of old Wulfig was by degrees blotted out.

A fine meadow extends from Grententhal to an ancient wall, which is called the *Goldbrunnen*, and is pointed out to the children of the village by the midwife, as the well out of which new-born babies are fished.

It is over-shadowed by a large clump of pear-trees, the habitation of innumerable cawing ravens, chattering magpies, and noisy starlings. About the time that the days and nights are equal, near the feast of St. Matthew, when the after-grass is cut, when the pale daisy shows that autumn is near, when the mysterious greyish-white web floats through the air, and the grazing cattle enliven the empty meadows, then, too, you see these birds fly over the landscape in long extended troops. Among them had been remarked, as long as could be remembered, a large, black bird, of a different sort to any of the others. He sometimes joined his brothers of like colour,—the Ravens, and flew high into the air before them; but he generally hovered over the meadows alone, and descended here and there. Those who took notice of him said, they observed that he only flew from one boundary stone to another, of which there were many jutting out along the meadows. If a passenger or labourer came near him, he hovered before him, with slow and heavy flight, going backwards to settle on another stone; if he was followed, he flew backwards to the stone on which he had sat before. If mischievous boys came round him, and threw stones at him, as would often happen, he soared aloft,—vanished in the clear azure sky, and was not seen again for days. After St. Gall's day, which is the 16th of the month of October, he was never seen, but he always returned again the following year, at the end of August, about St. Bartholomew-tide. His early appearance was taken as a sign of fine autumn weather, and every inhabitant of Grententhal was pleased when he heard that the black bird had come again.

The few who had been so fortunate as to get a near view of him, had something to tell about his appearance. "He had a large round head," they said, "large, shining, yellow eyes, a crooked bill, and a very odd look, almost like a man's,—such as you were not likely to see in another bird. It was to be supposed, therefore, that he was no real, natural bird, but that there was something extraordinary hidden in him."

That there are beasts as like men, as one egg is to another, was shown as plain as a pike-staff, by that learned master, John Caspar, Minister of God's Word at Zurich, in his great picture-book, some fifty years ago. And nobody can deny that a face with large eyes, a great hook-nose, and retreating mouth and chin, looks like an owl. Nay, there are people who maintain that what are called Doctor Luther's faces look for all the world like a mastiff.

* The above is one of a series of papers written some years ago by the Editor of the LONDON JOURNAL for the 'New Monthly Magazine.'

However this may be, certain it is that our black bird had the reputation of being a very extraordinary bird indeed.

Fritz Wild, the brisk young huntsman, had gone out before the break of day to follow the track of a roe, which he had seen the evening before. His way to the Hochwald led over the Grententhal meadow grounds, which were still overspread by twilight and a thin autumnal mist. Still he was able to see the black bird sitting upon a boundary stone, and as it seemed, lurking for a field-mouse. Its back was turned to him, and Fritz, who liked to have a shot, and was excited by the youthful love of mischief, could come near unperceived, and level his rifle at the black bird. He hit the creature, but it was not killed; it fluttered and staggered about the meadow. The huntsman ran hard after it to catch it, but in vain. Nay, he perceived with astonishment, that the bird was gazing upon him with eyes sparkling in an extraordinary manner, and was growing bigger and bigger. His astonishment became horror; as the bird grew higher its form was altered, it lost its feathers, bill, and claws, and, in the twinkling of an eye, stood before him as the horrid skeleton of a man.

Fritz, seized with fright and regret at having shot the bird, endeavoured to run away, but he was unable, for his feet were as it were rooted to the ground.

"Stay!" said the bare skeleton, with a hollow voice proceeding from between his rattling teeth—"Stay, and hear what I shall tell thee. Did the story of Ulric Wulfing, of Grententhal, his life and disappearance, never come to thine ears?"—"No," replied the trembling huntsman. "Know then," continued the skeleton, "that I was he, and that I was looked upon in the village as a rich and respectable farmer. I might have enjoyed a happy and merry life, had not the evil spirit, called Covetousness, tormented me, and filled my mind with discontent and disquiet, with restless scheming and striving to increase my possessions. I neglected to combat this unfortunate propensity with pious, godly, contented thoughts, and was dreadfully punished for it. After I had secretly done many a deed of usury, fraud, and hard-heartedness, I began a lawsuit with my poor neighbour Jacob about the limits of a field, and thought to extort from him a part of his own, on the pretence that the boundary stones had been improperly placed. But he maintained his right, and a day had already been appointed, when the limits were to be examined, and the private marks of the stones, which were known to me, were to be inquired into. I then took the sinful resolution of secretly making an alteration in one of the stones, so that the examination might turn out in my favour. While the darkness of night still covered the earth, I betook myself to the disputed spot, recklessly completed my wicked design, and endeavoured to hasten away again. But suddenly I became affected with an unspeakable feeling of numbness, and an entire change of my being. Still possessing the full consciousness of existence, I still thought that I was no longer a man. With horror I felt my body and limbs shrink together. My clothes fell off, black feathers covered my body, my arms became rustling wings, my feet the four-toed claws of a bird, my mouth and nose vanished, and their place was supplied by a sharp and crooked owl's beak. An irrepressible impulse urged me to soar into the air; in short, I found myself suddenly changed into a black, ugly bird. The voice of conscience told me that this was the punishment for my sinful daring. Ever since that day I have been condemned to hover around the fields and meadows of Grententhal for six weeks of every autumn, to fly from one boundary stone to another twenty times a day, and to live on nothing but mice, frogs, lizards, and other vermin. The rest of the year, however, I am obliged to leave the open country, to avoid the sight of men, and to pass my days with unutterable anguish in the hollows of trees and clefts of rocks. I cannot tell thee how long my state of condemnation has already lasted; but I think that thy shot has ended it, for I perceive that another change has taken place, and I feel the sensation of a different being. I now hope to be released from my torment, and to enjoy the repose of the grave. Go into the village, inquire after my name and my posterity, and relate what thou hast seen and heard."

With these words the skeleton quickly sank into the ground, and was seen no more.

We now know what sort of creature the black bird was, and how it was that the evil-doer, Ulric Wulfing, disappeared. Whoever may be inclined to doubt about his punishment, let him remember the dreadful fate of the beautiful Princess Nyctimena in the dark times of heathenism; she lived in Lesbos, the Greek island, and, as we are informed by the skilful singer of love, Ovidius Naso, was changed into an owl that shuns the light, as an atonement for the sinful wanderings of her love.*

When Fritz, the young woodman, had recovered from his terror and astonishment, he went into the village of Grententhal, musing on these things as he walked along. He found the schoolmaster standing before his door in his morning gown, and asked him if he could tell him anything about one Ulric Wulfing, who had lived there a long time ago? Mister Reichardt, the professor of the village, said he had never heard of him. Fritz then began his story, and soon collected young and old around him, who shuddered as they listened to his extraordinary tale of wonders. Mr Reichardt, however, who was very sceptical, and did not believe in ghosts or anything of the kind, had some very stubborn objections to the genuineness of the story, and soon found adherents to his incredulity. But now an extremely old woman, very hard of hearing, and supported upon a staff, came up, and asked what they were talking about: when she had been told, she rebuked the sceptic for his unbecoming want of belief, and assured the assembly, "that she well remembered to have heard from her grandmother, that formerly, in the time of the Swedish war, a countryman had lived there, called Wulfing, or Black Ulric; and that all sorts of strange things were said of him,—namely, how one morning he had suddenly perished, and was never seen any more; nay, many supposed that the devil (God be with us!) had carried him off, as he was a gloomy, wicked miser. The house down there," continued the old woman, "which is now inhabited by old Bergsteiner, is said to have been Wulfing's. He left one daughter behind him, as I was told; but there is no one now living of their name or family; they are all said to have died in the Swedish war. As to what the young huntsman there says about a black bird, I can easily believe it, because ever since my childhood I have seen the bird hovering about our meadows, regularly every year at the time when the after-grass is cut. Everybody took it to be an uncommon animal, with something very extraordinary about it."

Here the old woman finished her speech, and Reichardt the doubter did not know what to make of it. But the black bird was seen no more from that very day.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

NO. LXXXV.—A TAILOR KING.

THE Reformation, like most revolutions, had its origin less in any desire for abstract good, than in a sense of the oppressive excess of abuses in the Romish ecclesiastical dominion. The good that was effected was caused by the largeness of the previous evil. Accordingly, that which was born of evil carried the seeds of evil within itself; and the novelty of emancipation from intolerable moral slavery hurried the hitherto tame people of Germany into the most frightful lawlessness. Slavery being no longer supportable, they burst their chains. But they had learnt alone to behave as slaves, and they knew not how to be free. They but changed masters,—giving themselves up to the fiercest and most ruthless of all—fanatical bigotry and their own untutored passions. The following picture, not unlike the vagaries of Cade, only cursed with more success, is abstracted from the recently published volume of the History of Germany, in Lardner's 'Cyclopaedia.'

AN unlimited license in the rule of Papal indulgences

* —Avis illa quidem, sed conscia culpae,
Conspicuum lucemque fugit, tenebrique podorem
Celat, et a cunctis expellitur aethere toto.

Ovid Met. II. 223.

first drew forth the indignant protest of Martin Luther, a man who opposed to the worldly and cunning policy of the Romish priesthood, to which he himself originally belonged, a turbulent eloquence and a vigorous wilfulness. Quick to detect error, but too rash to avoid being betrayed into it himself, he raised up a party no less factious than his opponents were tyrannical in their exactions. As his opinions spread, they became modified by time, and the different energies that worked towards their propagation, and the shapes they ultimately took in some of the different sects were certainly such as he never contemplated, but viewed with anger and mortification. Among them all, the Anabaptists appear to have most scandalized his feelings of theological paternity. Indeed the early members of that sect should seem to have astonished Germany with the most fantastic tricks of uncontrolled riot; confounding all rights and deencies in the mad imaginings of degraded and power-holding ignorance. The constituted laws and regulations of society were trampled under foot by the frenzied multitude. The dominion of Saints was prophesied. The majority assembled in Westphalia. They succeeded in obtaining possession of the city of Munster, driving out the Lutherans, and pronounced that the reign of the Saints had commenced. No other rule of government was admitted than internal revelation. One Matthias was the grand prophet, and Beccold his lieutenant; both active enough in preparing for the assaults of the Bishop, who, with his allies, was at no great distance from the city. They fortified the gates and ramparts, insured the men to something like discipline, and punished with death every act of disobedience to their commands. Matthias could not even forgive a railing expression. An old inhabitant having one day observed, as he passed along the streets, "There goes a pretty prophet!" the faithful were immediately assembled in the churchyard of St Lambert, and the man was bound with fetters, and brought before them. "Behold the wretch!" said Matthias, "who has dared to blaspheme the prophets of the Lord. He must be punished, that others may be deterred from similar impiety." The poor citizen was immediately tied to a post, his skull was fractured by the hand of the prophet, and sentence of death was publicly denounced against any one who should hereafter presume to utter one word of disrespect in regard to the apostles of God.

The Bishop of Munster and his allies advanced in three bodies against the walls of the city; but were repulsed with considerable loss. In a subsequent engagement, Matthias was cut off at the head of fifty men. To re-assure the besieged after such a reverse, Beccold assembled and harangued them. He asserted that he had foreseen the late catastrophe, but had not been permitted to communicate the revelation. What could be more evident than that Beccold was designed by Heaven to fill the place of the departed Elijah, whose mantle he had received? In a moment all despair was banished, and this new Elisha was recognized as the Prophet of God. He had more ambition than his predecessor, and, indeed, greater talents for the post. His first care was to forbid any sorties which should not be countenanced by himself and the council; his next, to melt the church-bells into cannon, and with them to open new batteries from the steeples and towers. But his chief object was to procure the confidence of the people, by a great appearance of sanctity, by frequent communication with Heaven, by a winning behaviour towards all, and by the boldness of his predictions. One night in May, and in the third month of the siege, under pretence of visiting the sentinels, he mounted the ramparts, where stripping himself naked, he descended into the city, and ran along the streets, exclaiming in a loud voice, "The King of Zion is coming! The King of Zion is coming!" And when he had made the tour of the place, he resumed his garments, and returned to his own house. Great was the surprise of the citizens, who, on the following morning, repaired to the Prophet to learn what new thing the Lord had revealed. Instead of replying, Beccold wrote that his tongue was tied during three days. What could be the meaning of this prodigy? One thing was clear,—that he was in the same situation as Zacharius in the Gospel, and that signs and wonders were renewed for the sake of the faithful. During the three days, the Prophet was inaccessible: on their expiration, he suffered himself to be seen by the people, and declared that he had received a revelation to the effect that the new Israel was no longer to be governed by a council, but by twelve judges. Nobody disturbed the impostor, and he was at once permitted to name the twelve favoured individuals, who of course were his own creatures. Pretending to invest them with sovereign authority, with the power of deciding in the last resort every dispute, civil, criminal, or ecclesiastical, he arbitrarily directed their proceedings, and took care that sentence of death should be pronounced on all those who were hostile to his views.

All laws, moral and political, were in abeyance; and Beccold set a notable example in availing himself of the indulgences permitted by the tenets of the day. A community of property had been already

instituted, which meant a desolation, and a monopoly by the strong. A conspiracy was formed against the tyranny of the recently appointed officers. It was timously discovered, and the conspirators executed under circumstances of such atrocity as to excite the hatred of the few who had any natural feeling remaining. The terrible example, however, caused them to smother the sentiment, and the reign of the tyrant was continued. In fact, that tyranny was augmented. He was soon dissatisfied with even the shadow of restraint; and, mad as the design might appear, he aspired to a crown. One day, in the presence of the people, he had the modesty to exclaim:—“Hear, O judge, the voice of the Lord! As formerly I established Saul over Israel, and after him David, though only a shepherd, even so I establish John Beccold, my prophet, to be king in Sion!” But the artifice was too gross even for the Anabaptists of Munster; the judges refused to obey, under the pretext that an order so important could not be carried into execution until it had been proved to come indeed from heaven. The impostor protested that the dignity was not of his seeking, that he would rather be a heaver of wood or drawer of water, than a ruler over his brethren; but that the spirit of God had spoken, and he could not disobey. The judges then observed, that the people only, in full assembly, had the right to choose a king. It was accordingly resolved to convoke them; but before the meeting, the prophet arranged the details of the farce with a worker in metals, whom he bound to his interests; yet the artifice was as gross. “I behold a prophet!” cried Beccold, “in the midst of the judges,” fixing his eyes on the mechanic. Perceiving that their looks were on him, and advancing with considerable solemnity, the mechanic commanded the judges to assemble the people in the market-place; and when all were congregated, he cried aloud:—“Listen, O Israel, to what the Lord thy God commandeth thee! You will depose from their offices the judges, the bishop, and the ministers, whom in obedience to my will you placed over this city, and you will choose others in their stead. You will select twelve ignorant and illiterate men to announce my word to the people,—men, who, being guided only by my spirit, will explain it purely and without human succour, and for this end I will give them the spirit of understanding and wisdom.” Then turning to Beccold, and presenting him with a drawn sword, “Receive this sword which the Father giveth thee! By it he maketh thee king to govern not only in Sion, but the whole earth, and by it thou shalt extend thy dominion until it embrace the east and the west!” Elated by so novel a prospect, the fickle multitude, whose fundamental tenet was the rejection of all princes, hailed Beccold as king in Sion; and his coronation was instantly performed in the churchyard of St Lambert, June 24th, 1534.

Beccold must have been aware that his reign would be short; but he was resolved that it should at least be a merry one. His first care was to nominate the great officers of his household, and to array them in apparel rather glittering than magnificent. Every thing that was valuable in the public treasury or city was brought to his palace; he often appeared in public with thirty horses; and his thrones, of which there was one in his own palace, the other in the market-place, were costly erections. On the latter he gave audience three times a week; and decided the cases brought before him, without any regard to law or reason, but by his fancy, or, as he pretended, by the light of internal revelation.

With the splendour of the Jewish potentates, he assumed other habits peculiar to them. He had seventeen wives, and a host of concubines. A list of them was made out, and a wand pointed to the name of a favoured fair one was as significant as the handkerchief of the East. In his harem he ruled as despotically as abroad. One of his ladies displeased him; his wrath was unbounded; such rebellion against the holy of the Lord was not to be borne; and, with his own hands, he beheaded her—not privately in his palace, but in the market-place, in the presence of his wives, the officers of his court, and even of the whole city; and when the execution was concluded he danced, while his women chanted “Gloria in excelsis Deo!”

These excesses at length brought their own termination, and having for a full year played this tragic farce in the face of the besieging force, the city was delivered up by one of his own people, and the inhabitants betrayed to their own salvation.

Beccold was captured, and dragged at the tail of a horse from the scene of his fantastic glory, to a castle of the bishop's, a few miles from the city. He remained some months in imprisonment. Before his execution, the prelate wished to convert him, nor were the Lutherans inattentive to his spiritual state; but he rejected the offers of both. He bore, with unshaken firmness, his rigorous confinement and the prospect of inevitable death. When asked by what right he had usurped the government of the city and subjects of the bishop, he replied, “By that of the strongest; and I should be glad to know what other right invested the first bishop with the sovereignty.” He forgot, however, or perhaps he

never knew, that the episcopal authority in question was conceded by the emperor and states, and was recognized by the people as vassals. But if he was thus firm, he was not tired of life; and he proposed, we are told, as the condition of pardon, to bring back all the anabaptists of the Low Countries to a sound mind.

When asked how he could make satisfaction for the mischief he had done—how repair the churches and monasteries he had ruined, and regain the substance which he had wasted, he is said to have replied, “Shut me in an iron cage, and show me for money, and in a short time you will be doubly remunerated.” Into the horrible details of his execution, and that of his confidential associates, we will not enter. We shall only observe that no cruelty could be more demoniacal than that of the victors; and that the name of the Christian bishops and others who sanctioned it, ought to be held in execration so long as there are records among men.

HENRY THE EIGHTH.

SIR,—It has often astonished me that professed critics and historians should so often overlook the very striking and obvious reason for this King's cruelly killing his wives—viz., his anxious desire to have an heir to the throne. It cannot be supposed for a moment that he, a despotic Sovereign, would ever want beautiful mistresses, which he could have changed or pensioned, without the odium of murder. And yet Hazlitt and others load him with all kinds of abuse as another Sardanapalus. Henry was a bold, gay, gallant, but rough specimen of the times, and not a voluptuous blackguard, half so bad as some kings whom I could name, and who would certainly, with very little reason, have sacrificed their wives if the times would have allowed it. Whitbread said once in the House of Commons that “there was something in the very nature of power which inclined people to abuse it.”

[This appears to us, we confess, a strange defence of Henry. That Prince had doubtless his excuses of time and circumstances, like others; and the others had them, as well as himself. But a thistle is not to be taken for a rose, for all that; nor a poisonous thistle for one of a harmless species, or merely a “rough specimen.” There was no necessity for a male heir to Henry's throne, when a female would do; and as to beautiful mistresses, though he could have them, and had had them, yet to say nothing of the austere conventional tendency produced by the manners of Henry's predecessor, Henry himself had been educated for a churchman, and, it appears to us, was influenced by scruples of conscience (however preposterously manifested) as to the mode of getting new wives, besides feeling a half-conventional, half-egotistical resentment against the very supposition of infidelity to his bed.—Ed.]

FINE ARTS.

Panoramic View of the Capture and Taming of Wild Elephants in the Island of Ceylon. By W. Daniell, R. A.—Now exhibiting at the Room of the Society of Painters in Water-colours, Pall Mall East.

No one has contributed so much as Mr Daniell to make us acquainted with the outward and visible appearances of India;—its majestic, but light and graceful architecture; its strange, rich vegetation; its various and picturesque inhabitants. Thus we feel a sort of grateful confidence in his fertile industry, which makes us turn to him for the best illustration of the new manners and customs we hear of in those distant lands.

Of wild elephants, and the mighty gins used to entrap them, we have ever had an awful notion; but we had never seen them till we found the whole affair set out in Pall Mall East, “quite convenient.”

“A Panoramic Picture” is the designation Mr Daniell has given the view exhibited. It is in fact one of his vivid scenes, painted a little roughly, but with the genuine feeling that enriches his works, after the fashion of a panorama—smaller than such pictures in general, but displayed in the usual manner, with an artificial light, and raised platform. The scene of action is a beautiful valley, inter-

spersed with the luxuriant and stately vegetation of the country, so different to what we see around us here, and yet so like—so different in the details of its semblance, so much the same in its general attributes; its greenness, its beauty, and its vital uses. How beautiful that Sago tree! How graceful the Fan-leaved Palm, entwined with that giant Parasite! How noble the hundred-trunked Baian! How sweet the water near it, winding from that deep ravine, under the rude, picturesque, bending bridge!

But the chief interest lies in the living possessors of the scene. The dark-complexioned faces and limbs of the people, the variegated dresses, the eastern horses, and last, not least, the dusky, ponderous, and most unaccountably awkward forms, of the mild, potent, docile, remote-dwelling, forest-born elephants, hurried for the first time into narrow pens,—and crowds of traffickers—Poor fellows! one pities their change from a life of ease, in liberty and independent plenty, to servitude and dependency!—These are features of a novel and a stirring scene.

Not only the entrapment, but the breaking of the Elephants is brought before our admiring eyes. Here we see the treacherous tamed brutes, forgetting their own degradation, blending caresses and compulsion, to assist in the debasement of their newly fettered companion; there another, left to himself, is wearying his mighty limbs in useless struggles for freedom; he pants after the majestic peace of his native wilds; the pleasures of his natural life still are seen in his heart, and shake his frame with yearnings to regain it. See, there is one who has slain himself in the struggle. Crowds of the smaller brutes who brought him to this pass, are gazing at his fallen greatness. Can so much vast strength be destroyed; so much pleasure lost; so much lusty enjoyment, so much innocent might for ever gone, be seen unmoved or unregretted? This is the pity of it. The poor creatures were better as they were. Here, again, is a fine fellow who has grown quite contented with his lot; he is lifting his trunk towards the welcome food which an attendant brings him.

In an adjacent little room are some cabinet pictures of Mr Daniell's, some curious animals, some beautiful scenery, and some of the architectural magnificence of Hindostan. A copious and perspicuous catalogue explains, and increases the interest of the exhibition.

HOUSE OF SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

SIR,—In your SUPPLEMENT for June, you state Sir Joshua Reynolds' house to be on the Eastern side of Leicester Square, four doors from Sidney Alley. I think on enquiry you will find it is seven doors from Sidney Alley, on the Western side of the Square, the house at present occupied by the Western Literary Institution. Your's, &c.

A READER OF THE JOURNAL.

Aug. 13, 1835.

[This error will be corrected also in the Supplement.]

—The Chinese, in writing, use no pens, but pencils made of the hair of some animal, commonly a rabbit. This pencil they hold not obliquely, as painters use, but perpendicularly, as if they would prick the paper. They write not from the left hand to the right as we, nor from the right hand to the left, as the Hebrews; but on lines from the top of the leaf to the bottom, beginning at the right hand. The Chinese paper is not made of silk, as is commonly supposed, but of the inward bark of Bambu and several other trees; and is remarkable, not only that they can make it into sheets of extraordinary size, but also, that after it hath been written on and worn to pieces, they can work it over again, and from the scraps make new paper. The Chinese paper hath a beautiful silken gloss; but it is thin, brittle, and not at all durable. Their ink (which is known in Europe by the name of Indian ink) is made of lamp-black, the best of which is got by burning old pines. They mix perfumes with it to correct the smell. These ingredients are worked into the consistence of paste, which is put into wooden moulds of the shape they would have it. The Chinese standish is a little polished marble, with a hollow at one end to contain water; in this they dip their stick of ink, and then rub it on the smooth part of the marble. The pencil, paper, ink, and marble, are called by the Chinese, “the four precious things;” which they pique themselves on keeping very neat. Everything which relates to letters is so reputable in China that even the making of ink is not esteemed a mechanic employment. Notes to Hau Kieu Chooan.

THE PRINTING MACHINE.

WADE'S POEMS.

Mundi et Cordis; de Rebus Sempiternis et Temporalibus; Carmina. Poems and Sonnets. By Thomas Wade. Pp. 225. 8vo. London: 1835. 9s.

We have been greatly charmed with many things in this volume, which is indeed altogether "a genuine birth of poetry," and full both of promise and performance. As might be conjectured from the quaint title which he has prefixed to his compositions, a considerable portion of the author's inspiration is drawn from classic fountains, and his verses often recall the strains of Rome and Greece. But if any reader shall take up the volume, with the notion in his head of the distinction or opposition which it has been recently attempted to establish between the spirit of the classic and that of what has been called the romantic school of poetry, and shall expect to find Mr Wade a follower of the former in the common sense, he will be disappointed. His classical manner has no resemblance, for instance, to that of Pope. But it is not, to our feeling, the less truly classic on that account. It is rather such a classic manner as we find in many passages of Spenser, and Keats, and Wordsworth, by whom, we must think, the living breath, at least, of ancient song, and even, we will add, what is most refined in its manner and forms, have been often much more perfectly caught than by the generality of its more professed imitators. That with this spirit of the minstrelsy of the old world, however, these writers have in their imitations or revivals blended some notes and feelings also from the spirit of a later time, we shall not attempt to deny. They have, no doubt, somewhat enriched the simplicity of their models by such an intermixture. Working at all times, and on all themes, as poets and creators, and not as mere mechanists after examples and formulas, they have thrown something both of native feeling and intellect, and of whatever else had become equally part of themselves by long study and love of it, into everything they have done. Thus also has the present writer acted. Perhaps there is not one of the pieces in his volume that is altogether and merely classic; but yet, to a large extent, all of them have a classic air and character. In their combination and union, especially, of the elegant and the voluptuous,—of a soul of human passion, with a flower-like beauty of form—some of them are in the very highest spirit of Grecian art.

In his Preface, Mr Wade informs us that many of the poems have already appeared in print. The greater portion of them, however, and of the Sonnets more especially, are now for the first time submitted to the public. "In a brief," he observes, "and momentarily uncertain life, he who, of the many a thousand verses which he may, imperceptibly, have written, shall be 'found' enough to deem that there may happily be some few, or even but a solitary one, that may embalm his name to an endurance beyond that which is the ordinary privilege of dust, does ill to defer to auspicious opportunity his humble pretensions to remembrance; and thus incur the risk of being belated in that night in which 'no man can work.'"

The volume opens with an Ode, entitled 'To Poesy,' a composition, in many passages, of great power and beauty. The following stanzas will show to what fine music lofty thoughts are here married:—

"As many wander by the wondrous ocean
Only to gather pebbles, thou to millions
Art but as vanity; but that emotion
Which of the hearts who feast in thy pavilions
Is the ripe-gushing fruit and foaming wine,
Is deep as Bacchus' vat, or Mammon's mind!
Those who despise thee and thy dreamy glories,
Because they know thee not, are dreamers vain;
Who sleep through their dark life, and think it
Light;
Reality their spell-word: but thy sight
Out-glanceth dull day-life: thy lofty stories
Are clear as their fond creeds, and thy religion
Plainer.

Oh! be thou with my dense soul interfused!
That it may float in buoyant gladness
Upon thy stream of sober madness
Over the grave, within itself bemused:
When I am dead, be thou my cenotaph!
As shakes the shingle-foam beneath the wind,
I quiver at thy breath, which whirls the chaff
From out the stored garner of the mind:
Thou dost anneal the spirit, till each hue
O'er the outward Universe doth pierce it through
And there live colour'd in resemblance rife!

Thy lightning flashes from the clouds of life!
As the eye, eastward fix'd afar,
Plucks from the dawn a paling star,
Seen but by a striving vision;
Thou, with a sublime decision,
Forcest from the Universe
Many a dream and secret golden,
In its depths of glory folden,
And weav'st it into soul-essential Verse!
Like the storm-presaging bird
In the van of thunder heard,
Thou prophetiest of Eternity;
And from the great To-Come clouds roll before
Thine eye!

Like the Mæander's, thy sweet streams return,
From their diverse and mazy wandering,
To their bright fountain urn;
And to the spirit bring
Tidings of a diviner blossoming,
In meadows far away of endless spring.
Nature's most common page with thee is fraught;
Thy flowers expand around us, dew'd and sunny—
But the wing'd hearts by whom thy balm is
Sought
Are few, and fewer those that find the honey
Which sleepeth in the depths of thy perfume:
Bees amass sweetness from the lowliest flower;
But vulgar insects o'er a world of bloom
Flit, and reveal no nectar-hiving power."

Of words, "the keen instruments of Mind and Thought," as he in this poem calls them, Mr Wade is a great master; and his single lines and images, both for the thought and the expression, are often of remarkable force or elegance. We will here throw together some instances of this.

The following is one of the images under which "Poesy" is addressed in the present Ode:—

"Deep Cell of Honey! evermore unclosed,
But filling fast as feasted on: thou Flower!
That on the steep of Life aye overpeerest
The Ocean of Eternity."

The concluding image, and, above all, of that the concluding line, are also eminently beautiful:—

"Lo! I droop;
And from thine ether to dim silence stoop—
Yet musing of thee: as the lark, descending,
Stills in the lower airs his gushing song;
And on the quiet mead his voyage ending,
Sits hush'd, as his deep thought did, the same strain
Prolong."

The two following stanzas, from an address 'To a New-fallen Lamb,' are throughout distinguished by the strength and economy of the expression; but the second stanza, in particular, affords a striking example of felicitous aptness of similitude, and of an idea admirably brought out by the words:—

"Nor do I know that this so boasted air
Of immortality we bear within
Is privilege: thou dost not know despair,
Though ignorant of hope; nor crime, nor sin,
Though with no self-wrought virtue; and no fear,
Although no faith, doth to thy dream appear.

"Or come there thoughts of life to that dark brain;
Or thy life's spirit be as senseless water,
Which, all reflecting, yet doth nought contain
Of that reflected; even from birth to slaughter,
But for some hopes and terrors which are mine,
What difference 'twixt my mortal lot and thine?"

Here are two lines from another poem—the whole of which is exquisite—entitled 'The Dream-Dancers':

"Their liquid eyes into each other burning,
Their kiss-curved lips still to each other turning."

The force of expression in the following lines from a sonnet addressed 'To Three Skulls,' is very great:

"Still grinning? ye grim frames of vacant bone!
Still staring at me from your sockets blank?
Your noses, bitten by the grave's black frost,
Still sneering hideously?"

And many more fragments of similar brightness might be added, if we could detach them conveniently, or without injury, from the compositions of which they form part.

We will now add, with little further comment, a few of the entire pieces that have pleased us most.

The following, entitled 'The Net-Braiders,' will remind many of our readers, at least by the moral spirit which breathes in it, of Wordsworth's 'Leech-gatherer,' and it may be read with pleasure even after that noble poem:—

"Within a low-thatched hut, built in a lane,
Whose narrow pathway tendeth toward the ocean—
A solitude, which, save of some rude swain
Or fisherman, doth scarce know human motion;
Or of some silent poet, to the main
Straying, to offer infinite devotion
To God, in the free universe—there dwelt
Two women old, to whom small store was dealt

Of the world's mis-named good; mother and child,
Both aged and mateless. These two life sus-
tain'd

By braiding fishing-nets; and so beguiled
Time and their cares, and little e'er complain'd
Of Fate or Providence: resign'd and mild,
Whilst day by day, for years, their hour-glass
rain'd

Its trickling sand, to track the wing of time,
They toil'd in peace; and much there was sublime

In their obscure contentment: of mankind
They little knew, or reck'd; but for their being
They blest their Maker, with a simple mind;
And in the constant gaze of his all-seeing
Eye, to his poorest creatures never blind,
Deeming they dwell, they bore their sorrows
seeing,
Glad still to live, but not afraid to die,
In calm expectation of Eternity.

And since I first did greet those braided reeds poor,
If ever I behold fair women's cheeks
Sin-pale in stately mansions, where the door
Is shut to all but pride, my cleft heart seeks
For refuge in my thoughts, which then explore
That pathway, lone near which the wild sea
breaks,
And to Imagination's humble eyes
That hut, with all its want, is Paradise!"

The following 'Hymn,' as it is called, 'To the Bird's-Eye Flower,' is all lustre and fire:—

"Thou look'st on my verse, dear Flower!
And my brain draws a finer power
From thy blue and tranquil eye:
Not the love on my Lady's lid,
As she broods o'er a joy heart-hid,
Fills my soul with a dreamy sigh
More lusciously!
The daisy, the glow-worm, and lark,
In blossom, in light, and in song,
And dews from the rain-bow's arc,
Be with thee thy sweet life long!"

Many of the sonnets are very beautiful. We will transcribe a few from many more we had marked:—

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

War lay by Love: his sanguine limbs her whiteness
Bound, as might wreaths of coral ivory;
His sun-burnt cheeks from her ethereal brightness;
Gather'd a gentle glory; whilst a die
Of shadow from his brow her fair embrown'd,
And fell like twilight on the day profound
Of her warm eyes: then, lull'd in purple splendour,
She tam'd his fierceness with her kisses;
And in the folding of her delicate arms
Beguiling him to savage deeds' disuse,
By the full prevalence of yielding charms
She won for long-torn Peace a live-long truce:
Girding with moonlight hope her cloud of fears—
And half-redeem'd the world from blood and tears.

SHELLEY.

Holy and mighty Poet of the Spirit
That broods and breathes along the Universe!
In the least portion of whose starry verse
Is the great breath the spher'd heavens inherit—

No human song is eloquent as thine.
For, by a reasoning instinct all divine,
Thou feel'st the soul of things; and thereof
singing,

With all the madness of a skylark, springing
From earth to heaven, the intenseness of thy strain,
Like the lark's music all around us ringing,
Laps us in God's own heart, and we regain
Our primal life eternal! Men profane
Blaspheme thee. I have heard thee *Dreamer*
styled—
I've mused upon their wakefulness—and smiled.

SHELLEY AND KEATS, AND THEIR "REVIEWER."

Two heavenly doves I saw, which were indeed
Sweet birds and gentle—like the immortal pair
That wait the Cyprian chariot through the air;
And with their songs made music to exceed
All thought of what rich poetry might be:
At which, a crow, perch'd on a sullen tree,
Dingy and hoarse, made baser by their brightness,
Would fain be judge of melody and whiteness,
And caw'd dire sentence on those sweet-throat
turtles:
To which his fellow flock of carrion things
Croak'd clamorous assent: but still the wings
Of those pure birds are white amid the myrtles
Of every grove, where cull their nectar'd seed,
Whilst still on cold, dead flesh, those carrion crea-
tures feed.

THE UNDECKING.

On the great day when I did cease to love,
A glory from the midst of things departed:
But straightway I became more solemn-hearted;
Lifting the business of my mind above
The vulgar work of sense, and even drew
A fulness from the world's new vacancy.
In the changed spirit of life which in me grew
There was a temperate and chasten'd sadness,
That gather'd in the wake of that old madness,
As cloudy evening o'er the hot day-shy,
And strengthened with its shade my dazzled view
Of Present and Hereafter. Be my eye
Closed to all outward beauty from this hour;
Whilst in my soul I arm a change-defying power!

SOUL-CREATION.

Those words I utter for the Vulgar World
Are not the speech of my in-musing heart;
Where, like to honey by the flower unfurl'd,
There lies a treasure from the World apart:
The World, that cannot pluck from me the art
Of breathing beauty into trembling song;
Which till the blood be stagnant in my veins
Must of prerogative to me belong!
An hour of calm and sea-side loneliness
Will melt out from my mind the grievous stains
Impressed there by forced wordliness;
And as an eve of stillness after storms
Shall my soul be, and with a self-carress
Begin creation of all lovely forms.

THE BANQUET.

Beside the blazing hearth we silent stood,
Both lonely in our feelings and our fate,
And faint in frame and mind: a cloud of blood
Rose to her cheek, and from her bosom darted
Ethereal lightning to her eye sedate,
Which then flashed gorgeously—I stood the same;
Her sweet lips quiver'd like the glow-worm's flame
When the winds rave—yet stood I inward-hearted;
My hands were clasped in hers—my soul was dead;
At length her lips, breathing Love's balmy south,
Made fresh my feverish hand—I woke, and fed
Upon the loveliest and the rosiest mouth
That ever gated the rich life of breath—
And there would feed, even when they banquet
Death!

THE DREAM.

I dream'd the lady whom I love was dying—
Was dead, and in eternal silence lying;
Whilst I, as is my wont, to hide the feeling
That rent my inmost heart of life asunder,
Affected laughter, and awhile pretended
To read some page of wondrous poesy—
(The Northern Ploughman's 'twas) but quickly
ended

That fearful struggle at despair-concealing;
And an electric grief fell loud as thunder,
Withering as lightning, on my brain and heart:
Upon the floor, groaning and ravingly,
I dash'd my forehead, and wild shriek'd aloud;
Until, methought, she leapt out of her shroud,
And hail'd me Dead—and we no more did part.

A MOTHER TO HER NEW-BORN CHILD.

"Sweet cry! as sacred as the blessed Hymn
Sung at Christ's birth by joyful Seraphim!
Exhausted nigh to death by that dread pain,
That voice salutes me to dear life again.
Ah, God! my child! my first, my living Child!
I have been dreaming of a thing like thee
Ere since, a babe, upon the mountains wild,
I nursed my mimic babe upon my knee.

In girlhood I had visions of thee; love
Came to my riper youth, and still I clove
Unto thine image, born within my brain;
So like! as even there thy germ had lain!
My blood! my voice! my thought! my dream
achieved!
O, till this double life, I have not lived!"

THE CHORD-OF-THE-DOMINANT.

"O, do!" and "Will you not?" and such sweet
phrases,
So utter'd, strike a chord of my rapt soul,
Which, like the chord-o'-the-dominant, must be
At once resolved into firm repose;
Or else it pants and writhes through all the mazes
Of violated music painfully,
And no calm rest of consummation knows
In haven of contented harmony.
O, cunning of a master-hand control—
'O do!' and 'Will you not?' make perfect tune
In me, of love thy breathing instrument;
The music of thy playing eloquent!
The stricken with the striker doth agree,
And all the intricate notes into each other swoon!"

Poetry has rarely breathed itself in a more exqui-
site line than this last.

We can now afford to give only the two following
additional pieces; the first of which has all the
gracefulness of a Greek epigram, while the second
breathes a soul of passion worthy of Sappho:—

BEAUTY'S PREJUDICAMENT.

'Twixt Passion and Indifference BEAUTY sat;
Prudence to this, Love swaying her to that:
And thus Indifference with his cold mouth spoke:
"Most easy, Lady! is my quiet yoke:
I lead thee not to trespass nor desire;
And hold thee temperate in the midst of fire!"
Said Passion, with a voice all tremulous—
His pale cheek crimsoned, eye diaphanous—
"O, fly me not for him to whom the sun,
Moon, stars, in their blue-bedded union,
Are but a common show; whom flowers and song
Charm to no feeling as he gropes along;
Who, meeting all things with a niggard measure,
Still coldly stagnates betwixt grief and pleasure;
And, freezing, in his cell doth sleep and die,
With no heart his in all mortality!
O, turn to me! for I can colour heaven,
And robe the grey morn and the purple even
In more than their own glory; air and skies
Fill with dream'd memories of Paradise;
And bid the earth teem with high thoughts and
feelings

That for my listless foe have no revealings!
I with a word can wake heart-melody;
I with a glance can make felicity;
I with a touch can call up ecstasy!"
And what did lady Beauty in this strait?
As Prudence bade, to where Indifference sat
She turn'd and seem'd to move: Love nearer flew,
And an invisible chain so round her threw,
That, whilst to reach Indifference she tried,
He drew her deftly to sweet Passion's side;
And fix'd her there a prisoner, rapt and bound.
But long she breathed not on this human ground!
What chanced was sad: in that new, warm
control,
She died amid the sweets of her own soul—
Just as poor bees, in station over-sunny,
Are drown'd i' the hive of their own molten honey.

THE VOW.

For a kiss of that blood-rich mouth,
Whence low music is faintly flowing,
I pine—and not in vain;
For the passion within me growing,
As from odoriferous flowers the south,
Breathes incense from my brain.

And a song even now is gushing
From my soul, o'er the human world,
That may not barely die!
Like the bud of the rose, unfurl'd,
Lady! why is thy fair cheek blushing?
Sweet lady! tell me why.

By the youth in thy life-blood fleet!
By the love that should fill thy heart!
I'll kiss thee ere the moon
Shall to-night from the stars depart;
And thy dream shall be strange as sweet
Ere they in daylight swoon!

—Pompey boasted that, "he had only to stamp,
and an army would rise to his support." Many an
arguer appears to hold a like opinion in his debates:
he stamps when he has nought to say, expecting a
host of ideas to rise to his aid; but alas! with the
same success as Pompey.—*Observations, &c. by*
E. W.

MAUND'S BOTANIC GARDEN.

The Botanic Garden. By B. Maund, F. L. S.
4to. London: Simpkin and Marshall.

THIS is a publication which we have long intended
to notice, and strongly to recommend. It has been
for some years in course of publication, and is issued
both in Parts, each containing descriptions and
drawings of forty-eight ornamental flowering plants
cultivated in Great Britain, and also, we believe, in
smaller Numbers. The representations of the
plants are all drawn and coloured from nature, and,
we understand, by the author himself; so that their
accuracy may be depended upon as equal to their
beauty. That to be felt, requires only that the book
should be opened. Here we have presented to us a
garden furnished forth by the artist's pencil, almost
as lovely as those in which "Nature paints her
colours,"—save only the fragrance. But to compen-
sate for that want, Mr Maund gives us along with
his "flowers of all hue," excellent letter-press his-
tories and descriptions of each, which is an
"auxiliary" (as Mr George Robins would call it),
with which Dame Nature does not accommodate us
in her "Botanic Gardens." These descriptions are
not in general very long, but they are for the
less tedious; and, as far as we have looked
into them, whatever they contain is inter-
esting and to the purpose. As we cannot trans-
fer to our pages one of Mr Maund's beautiful draw-
ings, we will give a sample of his work in the only
way that is in our power,—by quoting one of these
descriptions. It will be observed that they are
drawn up in a popular style, and that the information
is conveyed in a manner to suit readers the least
conversant with the technicalities of botanical sci-
ence. The description we shall select is that of the
Chrysanthemum, which is contained in Part VIII.
After stating the Linnæan order, and also the
Natural order to which the flower belongs, and
exhibiting in a tabular form the several facts, that
it is a native of China—that it grows to the height
of four feet—that it flowers in September and No-
vember—that it is a perennial plant—and that it was
first cultivated in this country in 1790, the author
proceeds as follows:—

"From the Greek word, *chrausos*, gold; and *anthos*, a flower, the name Chrysanthemum has been
compounded, in allusion to the golden hue of some
of its species. *Sinense*, from the name of an ancient
people of China.

"There are very few plants cultivated in England,
which produce so splendid and varied an exhibition
of flowers as the varieties of the Chrysanthemum
Sinense. The season of their flowering is rather later
than could be wished by those who possess no con-
venience for protecting them; but still, on the ap-
proach of frosty weather, this may be effected even
within-side almost every dwelling-house, by giving
them a place in a light hall, or before a large win-
dow. In some seasons a single frosty night occurs
as though it were by accident, cut of season, a
month before winter otherwise makes a general
attack on all that we value in the garden. Pro-
tection against such an occurrence should be pro-
vided if possible. With a little ingenuity this may
be produced without any expense worth naming.
Those to whom the cost is not matter of considera-
tion, will excuse our suggestions for the benefit of
others.

"With a wall, having a good aspect, a few boards,
placed edgewise against it, to form a recess of eight-
een inches deep, and the spare lights of a hot-bed
frame, ample protection, in the form of a bookcase
may be provided for a small collection. In the ab-
sence of glass lights, strips of wood may be joined
together to form a frame; on this form a lattice-
work of string, and extend over it large sheets of
white paper, such as double-crown printing paper,
by uniting the edges of the sheets, and pasting nar-
row strips of paper over the strings, to the back of
it, by which all will be kept firm. The application
of a coat of good varnish, by a painter, will render it
tolerably transparent and impervious to rain, conse-
quently useful for other gardening purposes. Thus
provided, the florist may completely enclose his pots
of Chrysanthemums, during the night, whenever
prudence intimates the necessity of such caution.
It should, however, be remembered, that all modes
of protection are likely to injure their foliage, and
render the stems bare and unsightly; therefore, as
far as is practicable, without incurring danger from
severe weather, Chrysanthemums should have full
exposure, in an airy situation, with ample space be-
tween the plants.

"We have previously stated, under No. 120, that cuttings taken in May, produce the most desirable plants, and further experience corroborates this opinion. So raised, the plants are handsomer, better clothed with foliage, and altogether exhibit a freshness and luxuriance wanting in those which have been raised by autumnal cuttings; or, what is still less desirable, by mere divisions of old roots."

Mr Maund's undertaking, we have only to repeat in conclusion, is one which well deserves encouragement from all lovers of flowers, whether desirous of studying them in the light of science, or in the light of nature.

TOURS IN THE HIGHLANDS.

The Scottish Tourist's Steam-Boat Pocket Guide. 32mo. Pp. 124. Glasgow: M'Phun. 1885.

HERE is another useful little book sent into the world by the same publisher to whom we were indebted for the Commercial Pocket Guide, noticed in one of our late Numbers. "The object," says the compiler of the present volume, "which has been aimed at in the following pages, is to furnish the tourist with an accurate and intelligent guide to the principal points of scenery, and the most interesting localities, in our Western Highlands. The truth of the adage—a 'great book, a great evil,'—is seldom more deeply felt than when one is travelling. In such circumstances an ordinary octavo, or even a fashionable duodecimo, is often found to be an exceedingly troublesome companion. No tourist can comfortably 'take the road' with a book in his pocket exceeding snuff-box dimensions. Under this conviction, we have arranged our materials in the smallest convenient form."

In so far as respects its dimensions, the work certainly comes quite up, or rather down, to the description here given of it. For a snuff-box, it would be rather minute than otherwise. Nevertheless, it seems to contain a very considerable quantity of information—furnishing, besides an account of the course of the Clyde, no fewer than fifteen descriptive itineraries through the Western Highlands of Scotland and the Hebrides. It contains also maps, on a very fair scale, and very distinctly engraved, both of the Highlands and the Islands—together with two or three mezzotint or lithographed views, which, however, have rather a blurred and muddy aspect. One of these is a view of the village of Goyan, which stands on the left of the Clyde, a few miles below Glasgow. "This village," says the work, "is supposed to bear some resemblance to that of Stratford-upon-Avon, the birth-place of Shakspeare; to render this resemblance still more striking, the tower and spire of the new church were, at the suggestion of Mr Smith of Jordanhill—who furnished the design—copied from those of its illustrious archetype."

We shall give, as a specimen of the book, part of the writer's account of Loch Lomond:—

"Loch Lomond," says Dr Macculloch, "is unquestionably the pride of our lakes,—incomparable in its beauty as in its dimensions,—exceeding all others in variety as it does in extent and splendour,—and uniting in itself every style of scenery which is found in the other lakes of the Highlands." It is not always we agree with the mineralogical doctor, but we subscribe to the opinion he has here pronounced. Loch Lomond is indeed a loch unmatched in Scotland; and though Wordsworth contends ingeniously for the superiority of his own Winandermere,* we think there are few tourists who will not allow that the Scottish lake is the finest in the kingdom. Dr Clarke,—that acute and well-informed traveller in many lands,—is of opinion that Europe contains only two other lakes which can be put in competition with our Lomond, namely, the far-famed Lago Maggiore, and the less generally known Maelar lake in Sweden. The ancient name of this lake was Loch Leven,—a name retained by the stream which issues from it, and derived, it is supposed, from the Gaelic *Léven*, signifying 'smooth.' It is principally in Dumbartonshire; but the county of Stirling embraces a considerable extent of its eastern shore. Its length is nearly thirty miles. Near to its southern extremity it spreads out into a breadth of about six miles: towards the middle it is contracted to little more than two; and this breadth decreases

* See that delightful little manual for Westmoreland tourists, the *Guide to the Scenery of the Lakes*, by William Wordsworth.

† Dr Graham.

northwards, until at its northern extremity it does not exceed 200 yards. The depth of its waters also varies considerably: in the southern portion it seldom exceeds sixty feet; whilst to the north of Luss it is found to be from 200 to 400 feet. The extremity of the Kilpatrick chain of hills approaches the south-east corner of the lake. From this point, a rather level tract of country extends along the eastern shore; after which the mountainous banks of the lake are continued northwards in a succession of gradually rising terraces, terminating in the giant form of Benlomond. The upper extremity of the lake is surrounded by the noble mountains of Glenfallach, while the western shore is bounded by the Arruquhar and Jass hills. From these mountains and hills a vast number of streams and 'brantling brooks' discharge themselves into the lake; its principal tributary, however, is the Endrick, which flows into the south-east corner of the lake. It is alleged that the waters of Loch Lomond have increased considerably during the lapse of ages, and that the ruins of houses are still visible beneath the water in some parts. We know not what truth there may be in this; but we suspect it to be only a poetical fiction common almost to every extensive sheet of inland water. The total superficies of this lake is nearly 20,000 acres. During the dreadful earthquake at Lisbon in 1755, the surface of Loch Lomond was greatly agitated; the water suddenly rose above its ordinary level, and then sunk greatly below the usual height; and this unnatural motion continued for a considerable time. A boat was carried forty yards beyond the water's edge."

THE TEETH.

Practical Observations on the Physiology and Diseases of the Teeth. By John Mallan, Surgeon Dentist. 8vo. London. 1885. Pp. 146. 5s.

WE are not qualified to pronounce a judgment as to the accuracy of the anatomical and other technical details given in this work; but, both from the reputation of the author in the department of surgery which he practises, and from the sensible manner in which the book is written in its more popular parts, we have no doubt that every confidence may be generally placed in it. It appears to furnish all the information which it is desirable for non-professional readers to possess upon the subject of the teeth. First, we have a sketch of the progress of Dental Surgery, as introductory to the first part of the treatise, which is devoted to an explanation of the structure and physiology of the teeth, embracing, among others, the subjects of the formation of the temporary teeth; the formation of the enamel; the second dentition; and the irregularities to which the teeth are subject in growing. The second part of the book is occupied with the Diseases of the Teeth, including toothache; the deposition of tartar; the loss of the enamel; internal abscess, alveolar abscess or gum boil, &c. All these matters are treated of in a plain and clear style, and apparently, as we have said, with much intelligence, and a perfect knowledge of the subject. There are many things in the book which are not generally known, and yet which it is right that everybody should be acquainted with; and altogether, we have no doubt, it is calculated to be extremely useful.

The following are some of Mr Mallan's directions for the Preservation of the Teeth:—

"Cleanse the teeth with soft brushes and tepid water, at least night and morning; also after dinner, if convenient: brush them both horizontally and vertically."

"Have three tooth brushes; one of the common shape, nicely fitted to the size of the teeth; to avoid friction of the gums; a second, with the brush part placed at right angles, and the handle a little curved inwards, for cleansing the inner surfaces of the teeth; a third, composed of harder hair cut of various lengths, like the modern hair brushes, to remove any particle of food that may be lodged between the teeth, or any salivary deposit that may adhere to them, while yet in a soft state. The two former of these are for constant use; the last, as the physicians have it, *pro re nata*.

"Use some good and harmless dentifrice twice or thrice a week."

"In taking any acid medicine, employ a medical spoon; if this be not at hand, rinse the mouth immediately afterwards with pure water, and wipe the teeth carefully with a napkin. A little magnesia or soda, added to the water, will effectually prevent any mischief from the acid."

THURLSTON TALES.

Thurlston Tales. By the Author of 'Tales of a Voyager to the Arctic Ocean.' 2 vols. 8vo. London: Macrone.

WE have read two or three of these stories with considerable pleasure. The manner of the author seems generally to be lively, animated, and, at times, sufficiently impressive. His introduction we look upon as a mistake, but the story in it of Hong-ti-so, president of the Medical College of Twang Song, in China, who cured a very fat Burgomeester, the renowned Van Toomer, in Holland, by making him laugh, is worth reading.

We are sure that laughter is a sovereign remedy for many other complaints besides Van Toomer's, and we recommend all our readers to laugh when they can.

Probably through a want of knowledge of the history of the period, the writer of the Thurlston Tales deals rather unfairly by the Roundheads.

MONEY.

The common medium of exchange or standard of value recognised in any country. A great variety of articles have been employed as a circulating medium among different tribes and nations. Cowries, a species of small shells, are used as currency in the interior of Africa and the islands of the Pacific. These, however, serve only for a small change; in larger transactions they reckon in some other currency or money, as tobacco or slaves. Various sorts of beads are used for currency among the American Indians. The Krees Indians make use of beaver skins as a circulating medium. In Abyssinia masses of salt pass for currency. A Tartar reckons the value of his estate in cattle and horses. But gold and silver have been most generally used for estimating and comparing values by all nations who could command them. The reason for preferring these substances are their being little liable to waste,—their great value in small bulk and weight,—their being to be obtained in adequate quantities,—and the certainty and uniformity of quality that can be given them. In Ancient Greece, gold was worth from twelve to thirteen times its weight in silver; in Rome, from seven to ten times; in England, from the time of the Saxons to A.D. 1500, from ten to twelve times. The modern ratio of their value is about as fifteen to one. In the United States, the ratio is $15\frac{1}{2}$ to 1; in England, as $15\frac{1}{2}$ to 1, as stated in Kelly's Cambist, or as $15\frac{6}{10}$ to 1, as stated in Adam's Report on Weights and Measures; in France as $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1, or $15\frac{6}{10}$ (according as the comparison is made as one or another species of coin) to 1.* This variety in the ratio of the values of these metals renders it difficult or rather impossible to find precisely the par of exchange. That form of money is preferable which combines in the greatest degree facility in coining, and convenience in handling and transporting, with the least liability to waste by friction.—*Commercial Pocket Guide.*

* In 1718, in pursuance of the advice of Sir Isaac Newton, the value of the guinea was fixed at 21 shillings; or, the value of fine gold compared with that of fine silver was estimated at $15\frac{2}{3}$ to 1. Lord Liverpool estimated that this proportion showed an over valuation of 4d. on the guinea; and this real value of silver relatively to gold continued to increase during the greater part of last century. This error was the cause that during the long period from 1718 down to the re-coining in 1816, no silver currency of the legal weight and fineness would remain in circulation. The reader will easily apprehend that the value of gold and silver must be perpetually varying, relatively to other commodities as well as to each other, with the relative cost of their production. The discovery of a very rich mine of either of these metals would at once lessen its value as compared with the other, by increasing the facilities for its production.

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CHARLES KNIGHT, 22 LUDGATE STREET.

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